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A Tamago Fairy Story. Are you fond of fairy stories? Here is a beautiful one about Tamago, the tenor. No, it is not about his washing socks in his room at a tayern. It is a new story, published in Italy just before his engagements begin in foreign cities. In his palace he has a museum, richly stocked with crowns, cups, goblets, cigar cases, etc., which have been given to him as testimonials of admiration, wonder. There is a strange history attached to one of the cigarette cases. Ten years ago in Chili Tamago was worshiped by a beautiful woman, who gave him a cigarette case made of gold and incrusted with precious stones. The initials of Tamago in emeralds were on one side; the initials of the giver in rubies were on the other. "Was Tamago in love with her? Who knows? He has the reputation of being an extremely virtuous person." After his engagement he left Chili, and he was told that his adorer was a married woman and the mother of twelve children. Two years ago her husband died. She went to Rome in February, 1897, where she saw Tamago. She spoke to him a few words, then drawing from her bodice a dagger, she daggered him. The point was blunted by the cigarette box which she had

Paul West, the eminent and passionate press agent, never invented a better story. It is true that the tale has been told for years concerning others. but the thwarting body was always a temperance medal or a Bible.-Boston

France and the United States. Our import of that commodity is made via Marseilles. A small portion only of that clipped from the millions of sheep in the country is used there, and that goes for manufacture of carpets. The chief centers of carpet manufactories are Sunfanabad, Korassan, Chiraz and Kurdistan, one house in Suntanabad employing more than 10,000 workmen.

Gents who wear pants carry canes. Gentlemen who wear trousers carry walking sticks.

BELL OF LIBERTY.

O thou heroic lus! That taught our sires the name of liberty To know and lava so well?

Thou rang as never beli bad rung before, O bell of liberty; Thy tones recehoing the wilde world o'er Told of a nation free.

That July day, so many years gone by, Heard one impassioned voice— Thy voice—the new born nation's waking That made a world rejoice.

Thy iron tongue unto that waiting world Proclaimed man's liberty, And in a fearless voice defiance hurled At old world tyranny.

T hou seamed and scarred but ever glorious bell,
Thy form may rust away, But in the freeman's breast thy fame shall

Forever and f. 'ye.



#### THE GUEST OF THE CLOSET

How Two Liberty Loving American Lads Saved a Spy From Capture by the British.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

A promise to comply with the re-

In a minute he had been admitted

to the shop and a boy looked up from

the shoe bench where he worked with

sleeves rolled up.

house, Gilbert?"

and Allan said:

During that memorable winter when ! the British army held possession of quest came from within and then Allan Philadelphia, while the little force un- slipped into the street. Just around der Washington shivered under the the corner was the cobbling shop of leafless trees that surrounded their Jared Parks, the father of his young cheerless cantonment, some of the acquaintance, but the father was sick nost exciting scenes of the revolution abed, as Allan knew.

The British reveled in luxury, and nearly every night was given up to feasting and other enjoyments, so much so that some people forgot the other army amid the snows of December. The red coats thronged the streets, talking in merry tones about "the end of the war," which they believed to be near at hand, and of their return to England victorious over the rebellious One blustery night in the heart of

the winter a faint but eager rapping was heard at a certain door in the Quaker City, and a boy who was at the time the sole occupant of the room sprang up and opened it. A man stood on the threshold, but

the moment he saw the youth he drew back and looked frightened. "Is this Mrs. Black's house?" he asked in a moment.

"Yes, but mother is not at home. She is visiting a sick sister in Germantown, and father \_\_\_\_\_\_,

"I know where your father is, boy," and the man at the door touched the lad's arm. "I saw him but the other

"Come in, come in," interrupted the boy. "If you saw father you must have come from the American army.' "That is not all. They are looking for me!" he exclaimed. "It is a terrible thing to be hunted by the king's soldiers in Philadelphia.

"Hunted? Why do they want you so badly if you are only a soldier of the American army?" A strange expression came to the man's face, and the boy did not re-

He understood; the stranger was hunted spy, and, pursued by the

enemy, had come to the house for shel-"Have they tracked you to this

house?" asked Allan Black, the boy. "Not quite. The last I saw of them was in the street at the mouth of the alley. They won't give up till they've caught me. I am a spy, boy. There! don't turn me out on that account." "Have no fears. You fight with

father and that's enough. This way. Mother will not be home till some time to-morrow, and there's a place for you under our roof." Footsteps passing the house at that moment caused the soldier to start.

and Allan pushed him toward a closet in one corner of the room. 'It's dark and there are rats in it,' he said with a smile as he opened the

door. "Into the closet-quick! I'll do the rest, never you fear." Allan shut the door and turned For a moment the full importance

of what he had just done took possession of his mind and he realized the danger in which he had placed himself. But a few days before in front of Independence Hall he had read a large poster which called attention to the fact that numerous American spies were in the habit of entering the city, and a reward was offered for the who harbored them.

Allan and a young friend of his own age, a shoemaker's son, had read the proclamation in unison, and had agreed



DON'T TURN ME OUT ON THAT ACCOUNT. that, while it was extremely dangerican spies, they would not refuse shel- the sergeant flung the door open. ter to any one who was hard pressed by the enemy.

The boy thought of this now and a boys. atance at the closet door strengthened his resolution.

"I will tell Gilbert and we will pu our heads together," thought he. Then he went over to the closet and said to the man inside:

peril. I am going out for a few mo- in the house and we are here to find surveyed them from head to foot, while ments. When I come back I may not

ome noise came down from above. Sergeant Hercules leaned into the doorway and cried out: "Bring him down alive, men. Re-

member we are not to take the spy's life. The noose will do that." Allan leaned toward the mystified Gilbert and whispered while the tall sergeant addressed his men:

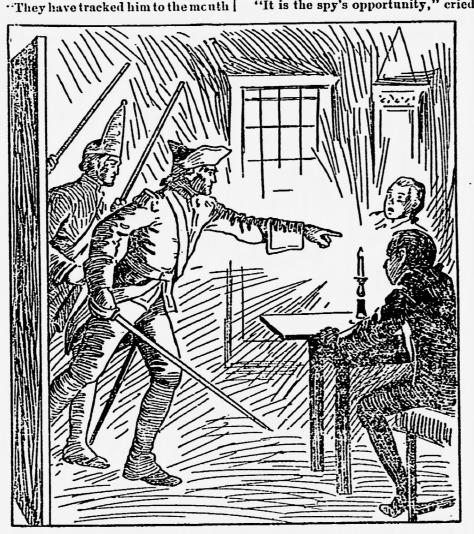
"They have found the apple butter; that's all, Gilbert. It is merely a goes Sergeant Hercules up to investi- doughty men grew red.

In a rage the big sergeant had mounted the steps for the purpose of assisting in the capture of the hunted | jar of rebel apple butter to stop spy, and the moment he vanished Allan sprang to the stairway and shut

"The bolt! the bolt! quick, Allan!" cried Gilbert. Allan's eager fingers shot the bolt

on the stair door and in another mo-"The time has come," said Allan. | meat Sergeant Hercules and his men "I have a spy in the house and we were the prisoners of the loft. The boys could hear the big ser-

must save him. The enemy are ca his geant order the men away from the track. Can you come over to the apple butter, which they had unearthed in one corner of the old attic, It did not take Gilbert Parks long and he was threatening them with all to doff the leather apropand put down sorts of military vengeance as they per writes: "It may be news to most his sleeves. In a little while the two faced him with besmeared faces and boys entered the room with the closet ludicrous in appearance. "It is the spy's opportunity," cried



THE NEXT MOMENT THE DOOR WAS BURST OPEN.

of the alley. They know that father Allan. "It is now or never with the is with Washington and they may patriot.' search the house before they give him

The last word had hardly left the boy's tongue when a loud knocking was heard and the youths exchanged "They are here," said Allan in a

whisper. "We must save Washing- have a little time." ton's spy, Gilbert." Allan crossed the room and drew

uniforms of five British soldiers were

Their leader was a tall and stalwart sergeant known all over the city as There was snow and mud on their it down.

boots but they did not care for the near the door, where they were con- Hercules. fronted by Gilbert and Allan. "Where's your mother, boys?" asked

Sergeant Hercules singling out Allan. "In Germantown, sir.' "Very well. Didn't a man come to the door a while ago?"

"Yes, sir," fearlessly replied Allan, who knew that the snow had doubtless betraved the hunted American. "Well, where is he?"

Allan made a sweeping gesture and faced the soldiers with remarkable

"You have eyes," said he to the tall sergeant. "Do you see the man you're looking for?" "He's a cool rebel brat," laughed one of the privates. "I dare say the

fellow is concealed in the attic.' The stairway leading to the halfstory of the Quaker City house invited the sergeant and his party, and the former sprang to the door on the steps. "You know the penalty for harboring rebel spies, boy?" he cried, laying hands on the latch. "They won't ing, as he said, evidences that it had

soften it on account of your youth. but recently had a guest. If we find the spy in the loft, why, it won't go very easy with you and your he said, turning suddenly upon the young friend there." The boys, standing close together, oas to have anything to do with Amer. did not reply and in another moment and submitted.

The soldiers mounted the steps and "Is he up there?" he demanded. "You can look, sir," said Allan.

"We will, and if we find him, why, caused the promulgation of the order you'll go with us to headquarters, against American spies. charged with disobeying the general's orders. Don't overlook a single cranny, chair before an open fire, looked over "Keep quiet and move not on your men," to his followers. "The spy is his pipe at the youthful prisoners and The four redcoats vanished up the

He ran to the door of the closet and history it would even then have done a threw it open. The hunted man looked out. "Quick!" cried the boy. "They complished. It has inspired the ar-

are prisoners in the loft. Sergeant tist who has reproduced scenes and the door to get down again. You and in marble and bronze. It has de-

fence at the end of the little one-story sulted in higher standards of investiback the bolt. The next moment the house," put in Gilbert. "It is the door was burst open and the scarlet home of Granny Salome. Ah! they're the love of country and has directed on the steps now!" A man darted across the room and out into the snow.

Gilbert shut the door behind him, "Sergeant Hercules," and the men at when there was a hard thumping on his back were nearly his equals in the stair door, as if the muskets of the British soldiers were about to break

"We'll demolish the house if you arrest of any one, or of any person carpet, as they marched in and halted don't let us out!" thundered Sergeant ground of earnest patriotism on the

> laughed. "You'll pay for another if you do," he said as he crossed the room very Pathander. deliberately and pushed back the bolt to reveal the soldiers, their faces still showing marks of their raid on

the apple butter jars. Sergeant Hercules sprang into the room and thrust his bayonet into the

boys' faces. "You let him out!" he cried. "Did we?" responded Allan coolly. 'Prove it.'

"We will. We heard a man run across the room and the front door shut-proof enough for us," "And the closet door ajar," said one of the privates as he opened it wider with his musket.

Allan, who wished to detain the soldiers as long as possible. Sergeant Hercules picked up the candle and searched the closet, find-

"Look for yourselves," answered

"You go with us to headquarters,"

Allan and Gilbert stepped forward hunted spy. Through the snowy streets of Phila Sergeant Hercules turned again to the delphia the stalwart soldiers of King George marched their youthful prison-

ers and in due time they were ushered

into the presence of him who had

The general, seated in a large arm-Sergeant Hercules told his story.
Allan and Gilbert stood with folded

steps and in a little while voices and arms before the military tribunal and waited for the general to speak. "Did you lock Sergeant Hercules and his men in the loft?" queried Knyphausen.

"We did," replied Allan boldly. wanted to give them a good opportunity to get away with our apple butter, for while it lasted there was a chance for the spy." The rotund old German general fell

back in his chair and laughed till the struggle for the butter and-there cheeks of Sergeant Hercules and his "The boys are discharged," he suddenly cried. "When I send my men to catch rebel spies I do not expect a

> In a few minutes Allan and Gilbert were back in the former's home and the spy hunt was over. In due time the spy succeeded in quitting the city, carrying to Washington some important information which in time the great general of the patriots turned against the enemy, thanks to Allan

saved the spy from the hands of Ser-

geant Hercules.

The Source of "Yankee Doodle." A correspondent of an English papeople to be apprised of the fact that the air of the American national song, 'Yankee Doodle,' was originally that of a Cavalier ditty, and was possibly whistled by the London street arabs of Royalist sympathies with the object of irritating the Roundheads. Only it was 'Nankee Doodle' then, an unmeaning appellation applied to no less a personage than Oliver Cromo rode into Oxford with a single plume in his hat, fastened in a knot, called at the period a 'macaroni.' 'Nankee Doodle' crossed the Atlantic at a convenient time. Then the term Yankee, applied originally strictly to a New Englander, was beginning to be used colloquially, having been derived from 'Yenghee,' the Indian fashion of pronouncing 'English, when the initial 'N' in 'Nankee' in the effusion was discontinued and 'Y' substituted.

"The tune was adopted by the Revolutionary colonists more in the spirit of retaliation than anything else. When Lord Percy's brigade marched out of Boston the bands played 'Yankee Doodle' as a mark of contempt for the inhabitants. But the colonists uttered a threat, and carried it out, that before the war was over Percy's brigade would have to dance to the despised tune, and they had to. It has been contended that in 1755 Dr. Shuckburgh wrote 'Yankee Doodle,' but the best authorities are agreed that in its original form it was composed to deride the Cromwell-

Result of the Patriotic Movement. If the patriotic movement of to-day had never done more than to disclose the endless store of romance and poetry which surrounded the colonial and revolutionary periods of American work of priceless value. But this is the smallest part of what it has ac-Hercules and his men must burst in characters of the past upon canvas veloped a love of genealogy and of "Run down the alley and climb the historical study which has already regation and criticism. It has increased occurrence, and so I know it is true. public attention to the unsurpassed beauty, majesty and wonders of the American landscape and waterscape.

A Patriotic Injunction. Differ as we may about the better way to advance our country's welfare and evidently we shall differ-all should strive to find the common anniversary of the Nation's birth. the other hand, there is not assumed Allan looked at the door and Let the common sentiment of the to be any sure evidence of the influ-Fourth of July help us to greater faith in all our fellow-countrymen .-

> He Observed the Day. "Did you celebrate?" asked the old "Celebrate!" exclaimed the young

man in knickerbockers, golf hose and a sweater. "Well, I should rather think I did! Why, I broke two distance records in a century run. Celebrate? Well, rather!"



and tackle that beau o' yer sister's for a half ter git some firecrackers?" Tommy-"It won't work now. She's accepted him."-Judge. A Dream of Happiness.

The patriotic small boy freams
Of fire-ernekers red,
Till, in his joy, he crary seems
With pin-wheels in his head.

BRAMBLE'S QUIET HOLIDAY. His Ruse Was Clever, But the Cleverer

Boys Foiled Him. Old Cy Bramble had never been oy. He probably began to dry up hortly after he was weaned and passed through boyhood in a sort of thrysalis state, with the difference that he never became a butterfly. Bramble hated boys, and every boy in Tunley hated him. His chief reason

for hating boys was that they were noisy, and it naturally followed that the day in the year that he most loathed was the Fourth, and he had been known to say that if he had his way it would be a capital offence to set off even a parlor match. On the even-ing of the third of July he would descend into his cellar with a basket of food, a lamp and some books and with both ears stuffed with cotton, and he would not be seen again until he came out on the morning of the fifth. So the astonishment of the small

boys of Tunley may be easily imagined when he gave it out that he would take orders for firecrackers and torpedoes to be ready for delivery on the evening of the third, and for which he would ask just half the market rates. Was he crazy or had he turned philanthropist? .

But he was evidently in earnest, and the chance of getting fireworks so cheap outweighing all other considerations he did a land office business in the way of taking orders.

At 7 on the evening of the third his goods were ready, and he had a busy time waiting on all his boyish customers, but by 11 o'clock he was ready for bed, and he went there, no to his cellar.

The morning of the Fourth dawned as disgustingly early as it usually does, but wakeful and nervous people waited in vain for noisy salutes. In neighboring towns the faint sound o cannon and pistols could be heard but Tunley was as still as the grave of a dumb man.

When the grown-ups came down to Black and Gilbert Parks, who had breakfast they found their children holding indignation meetings. Some thing was the matter with the fire crackers. They sputtered and hissed, but did not crack, and the torpedoes simply broke in a distressingly quiet way and scattered pebbles over the ground.

Bramble was found sitting outside of his house in an armchair, reading a book and looking as contented as a well-fed kitten. It was evidently a put-up job on his part. He had doctored the fireworks, that he might enjoy a quiet Fourth in the open air. When it dawned on the boys that they had been victimized they lost no time in forming a purse and a committee. The purse enabled the committee to go to the nearest town and buy a large quantity of crackers of all

At about 3 in the afternoon Bramble sunk into a restful nap. His dried-up features relaxed, his withered talons lay like a heap of picked bones in his lap, and he gave himself over to

dreams. Then it was that the parade began. The paraders were all the boys who had been duped, and they numbered all the boys in town with one or two exceptions. The line of march lay past his house, and his rocking chair was the reviewing stand. His slumbers was disturbed by a beating of tin pans, a blowing of horns and the explosion of firecrackers. Then, before he was fully awake he was bound to his chair by a stout rope, and the per formance concluded with what the boys called "The Bombardment of Moseow," in which a dozen huge cannon crackers played an active part, exploding simultaneously under the "re-

viewing stand." By a miracle the old man was no hurt, but he burst his bonds with the strength that great fear sometimes gives, and rattled into the house like a skeleton in a gale of wind, and all the rest of that Fourth he spent in h cellar, while the boys held high carnival in front of his house. And nothing was ever done to then either, for public opinion, as expressed by their parents, held that a man who

was mean enough to knowingly sell damaged fireworks to boys deserved all that he got. This all happened some years ago, and old Bramble has gone to a place where firecrackers don't keep, but one of the Tunley boys told me about the

German Experience With the Grip.

-Charles Battell Loomis.

An extensive investigation as to the pread of the grip in the German Army, assuming, as it did, the form of an epidemic, has given definiteness to medical opinion as to its being a disease that owes its origin to certain miasmatic external causes, while, or ence of weather, climate, wind or soil, or the season of the year. To the contrary, indeed, the number of those cases in which the spread and the mode of spreading of the ailment is attributable to human intercourse was considerably increased by the experience of the last epidemic. But authorities are still in a state of doubt as to whether the infection is carried directly from person to person, or whether the infectious material is carried by the intervention of inanimate objects through the air. Of the real germ that causes the disease there is no precise knowledge. Reasons are given, however, for believing that inanimate substances may house the real germs of the disease and convey them far away; and if, therefore, dead substances can thus contribute to the spread of the disease germs, such a fact may perhaps explain the appearance of the disease upon ships on the high seas .- New York Tribune.

Patti once went on an excursion with a party of Americans, among whom was a young chap who could play on a banjo and sing "coon" and "rag-time" songs like a professional. He did not intend that the great singer should judge of the quality of his art, but by accident she had a chance, and to the young man's joy she fell hilarionsly in love with every rag-time melody he sang. This was a secret between the two until one evening Patti consented to sing for the company. Several listeners went mildly insane when the great artist, after a little preparatory "patting," sang
"Mamie, Come Kiss Your Honey
Boy,"—New York World. ATTORNAYS AT LAW.

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